

# I'm Actually A Puddle

Grady

I'm actually a puddle if you know me (fuck)  
Step on me? I thought that we was homies (homies)  
I never liked my friends and I admitted it (I admitted it)  
Hit me up again, I might consider it (might consider it)  
You could call my bluff when I talk way too much  
Don't hit my phone again, you're like a girl who wants to (fuck  
)  
I guess I'm just really really really sick of it  
You just need someone that you can kick it with

I fell in love her mind and her thighs  
I could write about it for months  
So I tried and I did  
Then we broke up and I cried  
Oh the cycle continues  
I wanted to fix all these issues

Had to go and hibernate a little bit  
Social situations had me sick of it  
I was stepping for like a whole week  
Only left the crib to get the groceries  
I'm actually a puddle if you know me  
You're my homie  
I'm actually a puddle if you know me

(I'm actually a puddle if you-)  
In the end she's the one that I wanted  
Had to kick her to the side to decide, so ironic  
I don't lie, so I rarely pinky promise  
And I kept the rings on them  
Til' the cheese was more prominent

I'm a sucker for love  
Her and I were like butter  
But I got in my head  
Guess I had the bread to fund her  
But what about the kids, what kids?  
She don't want them for years  
It makes no fucking sense... damn